



THE BELL RINGER



Vol. 45 No.8

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

JUNE 3, 1989

Commencement '89: The Time Has Come

Cum Laude Inducts Eleven

from staff reports

The Cum Laude society inducted eleven of the top students at MBA this year.

The society, established to praise students for high

academic records, inducted seniors Warren Downs, John Gupton, Rhoades Hall, Jeff Joe, Mark Thraikill, and Jason West to sit alongside fellow seniors Jay Binkley, Matt Bumstead, Jason Burroughs, John Hays, and David Strayhorn.

Juniors inducted this year were Devraj Basu, Kirk Kaludis, John Koon, Kevin Kruse, and David Lott.

Cum Laude Inductees

Seniors

Warren Downs
John Gupton
Rhoades Hall
Jeff Joe

Mark Thraikill
Jason West

Juniors

Devraj Basu
Kirk Kaludis
John Koon
Kevin Kruse
David Lott

Totomoi Taps Four Juniors and Coach Owen

from staff reports

Ten days ago, Totomoi, MBA's elite fraternity, inducted five new members, four juniors and one faculty member.

The purpose of Totomoi is to induct students, faculty, or people in the MBA community who continue greatly to the betterment of the school.

Juniors Renard François,

Alden Smith, Matt Fisher, and Devraj Basu were all tapped. Before the final tapping, the highlight of the assembly was the humorous tapping route of David Strayhorn, who really earned his nickname of "Stray" by wandering out of Wallace Hall.

The real highlight of the Spring Tappings came when Brad Griffin "tapped" Coach Tommy Owen. A standing

ovation followed for Coach Owen, who is the perfect example of someone who loves, honors, and cherishes MBA. In other words, the perfect Totomoi man.

Already inducted into Totomoi this year were seniors Matt Bumstead, John Smithwick (both inducted last year), Brad Griffin, David Strayhorn, Billy Frist, Andy Patterson, and Rhodes Hall.



Totomoi's Members

Front row (left to right): Matt Fisher, Devraj Basu, Alden Smith, Renard François; Second row (left to right): Rhodes Hall, Billy Frist, Andy Patterson, Matt Bumstead, Coach Tommy Owen; Third row (left to right): David Strayhorn, Jason Burroughs, Brad Griffin, and John Smithwick.

Kerrigan Begins to Improve in Rehabilitation at Baptist

by Arthur Reid

staff writer

Mark Kerrigan, an MBA sophomore, had a tragic accident in the rain on April 8 around 7:30 P.M. Mark arrived at Vanderbilt Hospital still coherent and told the doctors how to get in touch with his parents. Later, Mark lost consciousness and had to have surgery to remove blood clots from the brain. He remained in intensive care for a week at Vanderbilt and then taken to a private room. At this time, doctors feared the worst and gave Mark's parents little hope that Mark would talk again.

in this issue...

After three weeks at Vanderbilt Hospital, Mark was transferred to Baptist Hospital to receive therapy. Mark was responding by writing notes to his family; however, he was unable to hold up his head. Always noted as a poor speller, he shocked his mom when he spelled "ambulance" correctly.

On the fifth week after his accident, there were major breakthroughs. Hand to eye coordination was improving, speech returned, appetite improved, and miraculously, memory began to return to normal. On Friday, May 20, Mark asked me about the pres-

ent chemistry homework and whether or not the history papers were due.

Mark lettered in wrestling this year and received his letter a few weeks ago at the hospital. As a letter, the significance of it had not meant much to Mark until his dad bought him a jacket and his mom sewed on the letter. Then, Mark was thrilled over it all and wore the jacket while in bed on a hot day. Mark's physical therapist, aware that he was a wrestler, got him in a half-Nelson, and Mark freed himself. At the writing of this article on Monday, May 22, Mark had

walked about forty feet between parallel bars and done push-ups.

Mark's phenomenal accomplishments are noted daily by his family, nurses, and doctors. One feels that the "old Mark" is soon to return since he has made catty remarks concerning the courtyard at the hospital. His mom had remarked of the beauty of it all, and Mark remarked that it was if one liked concrete and plastic trees.

Mark is currently in room 4512 at Baptist Hospital. He is asking about old friends from school, and both

he and his family would welcome and appreciate any visits.



Get Well Soon, Mark!

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Two More Soar to become Eagle Scouts

from staff reports

Congratulations are in order for Justin Crosslin and for Tommy Lawrence, who recently became Eagle Scouts.

Crosslin became an Eagle April 27, while Lawrence received his

new status May 4. Due to time and space, *The Bell Ringer* could not print this story in the last issue. We regret bringing the news late; however, we are proud of their achievement. Congratulations guys!

OPINIONS

Are Guidelines Needed for Seniors' Wills?

by Marion Southall

co-editor-in-chief
Journalism...what a word. Over the years, the definition of the word has changed, and so have the ethics. Nowadays, journalists and editors are constantly searching for new news to cover, regardless of who is at the top or what the journalistic policy is.

Perhaps it is wrong, to criticize the establishment and what it stands for. But maybe, just maybe, there is a point to the criticism which calls for an examination of the top level. And when that examination does not take place, it is time for a revolt. That is currently being seen in China, to some extent in Panama, and even here on "the Hill."

In our last issue of the paper, Jason Burroughs wrote an editorial, criticizing those who were censoring the seniors' Last Wills and Testaments. After the paper came out, there were immediate reactions coming from both the faculty and the students.

The students, most of them seniors, liked the editorial and went along with what Jason had to say. Jason felt that the

Last Wills were one of the last outlets seniors had to voice their opinions and show their individual sides instead of the conformist attitude that MBA teaches.

The faculty and other people I have talked to have had mixed reactions. Some believed that Jason's editorial had a sound base to work on and that what he said did make sense. Others believe that the editorial was wrong and that it was a sad attempt to attack MBA while he is making his way out. One faculty member was particularly disturbed by the fact that there was "no research" and there was no attempt to interview those implicated in the article.

Both sides have made their points in what was probably the most "controversial" editorial this year. However, both sides, in my opinion, miss the point of what the article was saying.

For one thing, both Jason and myself have read through each last will and agreed that there were many things which were left in that were unusual and that the things which were censored, for the most part,

had good reasons to be censored (for the most part). Jason and I did have some problems with some of the things which were censored.

For instance, the references to certain classes and their memories were censored. Acronyms to classes like AHAP, MEHAP, and CGAP were axed (those classes refer to AP American History, AP Modern European History, and AP Comparative Government) and references to teachers were left in ("to ___, I leave the ability to captivate a class and make a course challenging").

When asked about this, one of the censors said that the references to classes gave the impression that a particular course or department was being praised over another. Is this to be understood that students cannot say they have a favorite class? As for the reference to a teacher, he said, "I cannot help oversights." I find it hard to call the reference an oversight when it was the first thing mentioned and there were two people censoring.

Many of the things you

will be reading in the Last Wills have been created by the seniors so that they can leave MBA in the way they would like, without necessarily being disrespectful or unappreciative. In talking with a faculty member, it was suggested that the censoring was necessary for the benefit of those not only in the MBA community but also for the student, many years down the road, when he realizes that what he wrote was stupid and wrong. I can understand that form of reasoning, however, I fail to see it for this reason: why should a school try to take out what a senior wants to leave to another student unless the school is embarrassed by it. There were some

censored things left to other students which I would have even taken out. However, using the senior's future as a criteria seems to be only a copout.

Most of the faculty who I talked to said that the editors of *The Bell Ringer* should not gripe over censorship, because we, as editors, have no rights. As seen in some Supreme Court cases, it has been affirmed that because a school's name is on the masthead, the contents of the newspaper can be regulated by the school's administration at any time. That, we can agree with. However, here is a question to ponder: the title of advisor

continued on next page

The Bell Ringer Staff

1988-1989

Jason Burroughs Marion Southall
Co-Editors-in-Chief

Advisor.....Dr. Niemeyer
Business Editors.....Matt Fisher
Kirk Kaludis
Circulation Editor.....John Gupton
Copy Editors.....Laurence Barman
Andrew Duthie
John Hays
Entertainment Editor.....Richard Gann
Photography Editor.....Devraj Basu
Sports Editors.....Lanson Hyde
Oman Sloan

Steve Anderson, Jarratt Bell, Dan Brooks, Michael Brooks, Matt Bumstead, Chris Cigarran, Brent Cummings, David Daniels, Luke Davis, Clayton Dike, Richard Fitzgerald, Scott Galloway, James Gooch, Pieter Foster, Renard François, Jim Haynes, Art Holscher, Chris Horstman, Rob Howell, Keith Ikard, Dan James, Casey Jones, Wally Jones, Shraavan Kambam, Kevin Kruse, John Lamb, Tom Lance, Rob Lentz, David Lott, James Nash, Rabin Nimmo, Lee Page, Babu Paruchuri, Chris Petrie, Matt Poe, Arthur Reid, George Reitz, Mati Roberts, John Rochford, Alex Rogers, Mike Seshul, Harrison Shull, Brooks Smith, John Smithwick, Chris Steele, Brian Stephenson, Jeremy Stone, David Trainer, Simon Westlake, David Workman, Scott Yates, and Matt Zibas have made three or more contributions to the newspaper and are now *Bell Ringer* staff members.

Mark Bittles, Cary Brothers, Rally Dupps, Matt Foster, Chris Hall, Matt Inman, Billy Lyell, Michael O'Hare, and Stuart Towery have made two contributions to the paper.

The following people have made one contribution to the paper and have one credit: Rick Barksdale, Sam Bartholomew, John Bass, George Crawford, Craig Davis, Todd Foust, Patrick Harkleroad, Charles Israel, Jeff Joe, Hal Jones, Eugene Park, Andy Patterson, Deepak Raja, Jeremy Russell, Mark Szydlow, and

Babu's Babble

by Babu Paruchuri

staff writer
Right now, U.S. foreign policy remains at a standstill, for President Bush is waiting to develop his foreign agenda based on the actions of President Gorbachev in Europe and of West Germany. The silent, diplomatic changes in the Soviet Union's foreign policy could now offer an opportunity for a peace that could result in the elimination of or could cause a rift within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

West Germany's chancellor Helmut Kohl faces a society that has a genuine fear of nuclear war, for their country possesses Lance missiles, which are short range, and the primary targets of a Soviet first strike. A movement has grown in West Germany to have these Lance missiles removed, and Kohl has begun to listen to these pleas. Gorbachev has seen the situation in West Germany as a perfect

opportunity for diplomacy and negotiations on how to reduce the number of short range missiles in Eastern and Western Europe. President Bush now finds himself in an awkward position, for he realizes how important missiles in Germany have been to NATO's deterrent against a Soviet conventional attack on Europe, but he also knows that Chancellor Kohl's popularity has also started to sag while the chance of a more leftist candidate capturing office increases. To halt all negotiations with the Soviets would be politically damaging to Kohl, on of the best West German allies the United States has had. The loss of ally Helmut Kohl would be easily more damaging than the loss of Lance missiles.

In Europe as a whole, the movement away from nuclear proliferation has risen, and this situation makes President Bush's leadership all the

more important. Unfortunately, there is little Bush can do now, for he realizes that any decoupling of nuclear forces from Europe would increase the fears of numerous NATO allies (and instability of NATO); however if Bush maintains his present stand to keep Lance missiles in Germany, Kohl remains in a politically deadly position, and an opportunity to reduce the risk of war, in the minds of West Germans, will be destroyed.

Recently, the Soviet foreign minister Shevardnaze put forth a threat that, if the U.S. upgrades its nuclear force, being the Lance missile, with a new short-range missile, that travels less than 300 miles, the Soviet Union will cease dismantling its SS-23's, which they claim is quite similar to the U.S.'s new missile. This move would be in violation of an American-Soviet treaty that bans me-

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OPINIONS

It Was A Great Year!!!

gives reference to the job-he or she advises a group of people as what to do and what not to do. If the advisor does not help with layout, or the makeup of the newspaper, how can he criticize what is in it *after* the paper comes out. That does not seem fair to the editors, who, at the beginning of the year, were allowed a large amount of lee-way with what to print by the administration. So who is in the wrong?

The purpose of this response is not to criticize, put down, or take pot shots at

anyone in the faculty or in the administration. What the purpose is to show that Jason's article did have its merits. Although he might have gone about the situation wrong, there are some questions which need to be asked as to what should or should not be edited. If nothing else, guidelines should be made up and given to future seniors, so that *somebody* will know what is going on.

What a year!

This year was a good year

for the *The Bell Ringer* even through our obvious problems. We gave the newspaper a small makeover, which went over well with most everyone. Our efforts to improve the paper were appreciated by the School of Journalism at UT-Knoxville, which awarded us with a Superior ranking in their evaluation of the paper, the highest ranking a school of MBA's size could get. For the second straight year, our photography staff (Devraj Basu) received an award for his amazing sports pictures. Yes, we had a good year.

Like any other newspaper, we had our problems. Lack of communication, a poor morale, and other factors contributed to some of our downfalls, which the student body noticed quickly. However, with the help of Dr. Niemeyer and Dr. Paschall, we have managed to come out of a small slump to produce a good last issue and this - the grande finale.

We are not trying to produce an error-free or a perfect newspaper. That is not a goal

of ours and should never be because nothing in this world is perfect. To ask and demand of a newspaper things which we cannot produce should not result in criticism from anyone. Amidst juggling athletics and academics, we spend our weekends here on campus, sometimes late at night, trying to make the best newspaper possible. We are going to make mistakes (spelling and otherwise), but before anyone begins to point fingers and laugh, consider this: when meetings are called to ask people to write, who shows up? If one cannot answer that, one is not there.

Student participation in any activity sponsored by MBA makes the activity more worthwhile and worth the effort. Except for the editors and the same writers, no one knows how frustrating it is to be quickly approaching and find that no one has turned in their articles or have even written what they were asked to. There is no arm twisting, threaten them with demerits system in getting articles and typists. It is all a system of

trust. We trust you, the student body, to do what you said you would do. If you do not do it, it doesn't really bother us, it only prevents *you*, not us, from getting a newspaper.

The newspaper was, is, and forever shall be done by the students for the students of MBA and the MBA community. It is up to all of you, not just those whose bylines you see each issue, to get up off your behinds and help. As much as some of you would like to deny it, the newspaper is a reflection of *you and your school*. Make MBA, if not yourself, proud of your publications by helping out in any possible. Next year's staff will appreciate it greatly.

No matter what anyone says, I will always be proud of the contributions we gave to the paper this year. *The Bell Ringer* will always be one the best high school newspaper in Nashville as long as you, the students, help out. I issue this challenge: if you don't like the way the newspaper is run, don't make *Anarchy News*, help the staff out or do it yourself!

A Fond Farewell from Jason to You

by Jason Burroughs

co-editor-in-chief Journalism...what an incredible opportunity to inform the public, to voice opinions, to inspire thought, to encourage reform, to misspell words and to suffer unending abuse from a hypercritical biology teacher. Running a publication teaches a young and im-

pressionable editor many a lesson. The responsibility of presenting facts and opinions truthfully and without confusing the two is quite a formidable task.

Although we may not have succeeded in this task in each issue of *The Bell Ringer*, the chance to try has certainly been educational. Thanks to

this year's staff, who wrote and typed articles excellently, and to the editors, who sold ads, harassed writers to turn in articles, and helped with layout. We hope that *The Bell Ringer* continues to receive the great support from the students and the faculty that we have received this year. Farewell.

The 1989-1990 *Bell Ringer* Staff

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Editor-in-chief..... | Andrew Duthie |
| Business Editors..... | Matt Fisher Kirk Kaludis |
| Copy Editor..... | David Lott |
| Entertainment Editors..... | Jim Haynes David Workman |
| Photography Editor..... | Devraj Basu |
| Sports Editor..... | Oman Sloan |



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HONORS AND AWARDS 1989

| | |
|---|---|
| THE JOHN B. HAYES AWARD for Excellence in the American Constitution | Jason Burroughs, Scott Lewis, Rabin Nimmo, John Henry Rice |
| THE THOMAS H. MALONE, JR. AWARD for Excellence in English Composition Presented by the Alumni. . . | David Strayhorn |
| THE KIRBY E. AND MARGARET A. JACKSON AWARD for Excellence by a Senior in Natural Science | David Strayhorn |
| THE RENSSELAER MATH AND SCIENCE AWARD for the Outstanding Junior in Math and Science. | David Lott |
| THE HENRY A. FITTS AWARDS for Journalism | THE BELL RINGER: Jason Burroughs and Marion Southall THE BELL David Strayhorn ARCHIVES Prescott Glynn |
| THE JOHN MOREHEAD DOBSON MEMORIAL AWARD for the Best Sports Article | |
| THE SAM DAVIS MEMORIAL MEDAL for the Prize Essay on the Heroism of Sam Davis, Junior School . . . | Edward Olejniczak |
| THE LINDSEY AWARD to the Outstanding Athlete of 1988-1989 | Bill Cherry |
| THE JACK C. MASSEY JUNIOR SCHOOL CITIZENSHIP AWARD given by the Dominion Bank | Bo Sundius |
| THE CIVITAN AWARD for Senior Class Citizenship | John Smithwick |
| THE DAR AWARD given by the Daughters of the American Revolution for Citizenship in the Senior Class . . . | George Crawford |
| THE RUSSELL W. CARPENTER COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD | |
| THE FRANCIS E. CARTER, JR. AWARD to the Outstanding Boy in the Seventh Grade | Taylor Harris |
| THE WALTER NOEL, JR. AWARD to the Outstanding Boy in the Junior School | Julian Bibb |
| THE DONALD ROSS AWARD to the Outstanding Freshman | Jackson Wray |
| THE HENRY W. BOYD, JR. AWARD to the Outstanding Sophomore | Luke Davis |
| THE LINDSLEY RUTH AWARD to the Outstanding Junior | Alden Smith |
| THE WILLIAM BAILEY MEMORIAL AWARD for Honor, Integrity, and Loyalty in the Senior Class | Andy Patterson |
| THE WILLIAM MARTIN AWARD to the All-Around Best Boy in the School | Jason Burroughs |

* * * * *

OTHER AWARDS AND HONORS NOT YET CHOSEN AT PRESS TIME:

THE CUM LAUDE SOCIETY AWARD for Academic Achievement
in the Junior School

THE P. M. ESTES AWARDS

SALUTATORIAN OF THE CLASS OF 1989

VALEDICTORIAN OF THE CLASS OF 1989

Babble...

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dium and short-range missiles; therefore, this decision to upgrade the Lance missiles is quite crucial. The U.S. maintains that it needs to upgrade its weapons to keep pace with Soviet nuclear technology as well as offset the tremendous conventional advantage of the Warsaw Pact. The balance of power between NATO and the Warsaw pact have been the keys to peace in the past forty years. Now the opportunity to reduce further nuclear weapons remains; however, it must be remembered that these nu-

clear weapons have been the mutual deterrent of conventional war. Negotiations in a silent, peaceful period may well be the most deadly weapon of all.

Compliments of
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Good luck
Class of '89!
-from a friend

FEATURES

Seniors' Last Wills and Testaments

I, **Rick Barksdale**, having never been of sound body and possessing not enough lice brain cells to call it a mind, leave: to Mr. Mikell, the ability to captivate a class and make a course challenging; to Mr. Herring, all propaganda remnants and study aid tapes and memories of my smiling face; to David Lockyear, a haircut; to Lanson Hyde, the definition of the word control, and a padded elevator; to Sheldon Griffin, a blue nose; to Rhodes Hall, the phrase "boots" and "vol"; to Richie Gann, a clogged up sink and the knowledge that more women flock to W&L than Hampden Sydney; to Jay Binkley, I leave a never ending line of credit; to Charles Treadway and Chris Cigarrran, I leave the image of a two ton trailer of dirt weaving madly behind them; to David Strayhorn, I leave my senior bias; to Richard Cummings, I leave the promise that any time he visits W&L I'll see to it that he has a great time; to Dr. Miemeyer, I leave a couple of sentence fragments and the question "Wasn't one of my themes deserving of an 80?" and a pair of moseketeer ears; to Willie Johnson, I leave the song "Faith"; to Chris Cigarrran, the knowledge that after six years I can't spell or say his last name properly; to Dee Thompson, my Survival Game ability; to Brooks Smith, a fan and a bottle; to Martin Jones, my churchball legacy; to Whit Jeffords, I leave a party, a table, and all of Florida; to Jimmy Thompson, I leave the Barksdale Sour; to Lee Page, I leave a small pizza and eight cases of grape Nehi; to whoever them, I hereby bequeath my nicknames; finally, to science fiction, I leave my body.

I, **Jay Binkley**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Keith "Boogins" Ikard, the right to make fun of anybody he wants (when he becomes a senior); to George Reitz, Dan James, and Brandon Barret, the legacy of the 4X800; to David Haslam, an ever-so-long year with Mr. Moxley; to John Schwickert, a slightly used pair of track spikes; to Rick Barksdale, the

shame and humiliation of being beaten in an eating contest by someone one hundred pounds lighter; to Alex Waddey, the tradition of prom stage dancing; to John Bass, a map to Fanson, and my ice cream parlor; to Chris Cigarrran, a nose and a complex; to Richard Pulley, seventy-five cents plus interest for an Icee.

I, **Matt Bumstead**, being of unnoticeable body and overworked mind do hereby bequeath the following: to George Clements, the reins, the ability to get fired up, and a grueling year of grappling; to Dan Brooks, someone else's shoulder - since mine didn't work either; to David Trainer, some confidence and some muscle; to Billy Crawford, a muzzle; to Lance Carney and Martin Roberts, an oreo and my vow to return; to Renard Francois, a BB gun and the ability to go to someone else; to John Bass, my best wishes for wrestling and WMBA; to Brett Sanders, John Shuh-lansker, and Billy Strasser - the Sparkster; to Nate Sewell, a pleasant word; to Taylor Mayes, more self-confidence; to Keith Ikard, hopes for a state title; to LeMoyné Harwell and Mark Debusk, five more years of F.C.A.; to Grant and Brett Seshul, a ride; to Robert Echols, a surprise in your wallet; to Alden Smith, some of my abounding athleticism and a book on baseball; to anyone who wants it, the ability to sleep anytime; to *nobody*, Lillian Roe; to Coaches Killian and Gaither, some injuries, next year's team, the right to beat Billy Crawford, and my sincere thanks; to Coaches Bennett and Poston, my thanks for your support; and to Dr. Paschall, Mr. Drake, and all of M.B.A., my deepest gratitude.

I, **Jason Burroughs**, being of elevated mind and rural body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Keith Ikard, my Davidson sweatshirt and my track top and any other articles of clothing he forgets to bring to school; to Brandon Barrett, another year of running and the names "Bob" and "Rob"; to Casey

Jones, a request that he continue badgering "Coarch" Pruitt for our plaques and for thinking it reasonable to "run 280, walk 120"; to Mrs. Hollins, a "freebee" on homework due on theme day; to Dr. Niemeyer, a red pen; to Dr. Crowell, the fact that he has driven to school in a pick-up truck more times than I have; to Mr. Mikell, another DBQ; to Mr. Caldwell, fond memories of the Triangle of Power; to Brett Seshul, some campaign signs for '92; to Mr. Lanier, my sweaters and ties; to Dr. Paschall, my gratitude for helping me get into college; to Andrew Duthie, one of Marion's A1 B. Sure! tapes; to Brandon Daniel, the knowledge that Molière does not criticize what we are, but what we try to be; to David Lott, encouragement to continue honing his perfect running form; to Mr. Pruitt, a hardy "Yo!"; to MBA, much thanks for all the lessons I have learned here, whether they knew they were teaching me or not.

I, **Chris Cigarrran**, being of sound mind and able body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chris Vlahos, Craig Spengler, and Philip Avant, a boss; to Richard Cummings, a free pass to Mack's and the Bluegrass Inn; to Barry Downer, my wrestling shoes; to Lee Page taxi fare so next year he won't have to walk; to Carter McNabb, a St. Cecilia Calendar so he can tell if they get back from Spring Break on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday; to Billy Crawford, my law firm job and a roll bar for his new car; to William Hastings, a free car wash to clean up Chris Shea's mess; to Justin Maestas, a life size inflatable dolphin; to Martin Roberts, some food; to Kevin King, Martin Roberts; to Drew Healy, a tube of paint pellets; to George Clements, a really bad temper; to Renard, my wrestling diet; to Taylor Mayes my speed and leaping ability; to James Gooch's little sister, my term as Park Vice President unless Gooch would rather give her his position of Secretary-Treasurer; to Robert Echols, bail money for when he turns 18;

to John Bass, five new pairs of pants; to Will Enkema, a free round trip to Hawaii; to Coach Niemeyer, a Santa Claus suit, sleigh and eight reindeer; to Mr. Regen, all of my homework from the second semester which I do not have; and to Richard Arendale, a body.

I, **Forrest Conner**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Chris Vlahos, my bat so that he may wield it so successfully 5/7th of the week as I have; to Adin Lara, Chris Calton; to Mrs. Orth, one more point for the six weeks; to Dr. Crowell, a Bush/Quayle 1992 bumper sticker; to Coach Forehand, my uncanny charm and grace, plus my good looks; to Hunter Connally, a life size poster of Shad Weaver; to R.A. Dickey, common sense; to Mr. Mikel, a large rodent trap; to John Dunkerly, all the church music he has grown to love; to Philip Avant, my leaping ability; to Barney, a Milk Bone dog biscuit; to David Daniels, a real game face; to Jay Ferguson, a ten pack of double-stuffed moon pies and a comfortable couch; to Kevin King, a DH next year and the tradition of stick ball; to Barry Downer, a dollar for lunch and a new wallet to hold all of his money that he is so gracious with.

I, **George Crawford**, of a mind do hereby leave the following to the following people: my homework to anyone who is crazy enough to want it; my amazing ability to play church basketball to John Dunkerly, my Service Club duties to next year's president; to big Rich Cummings, my chasing and evasion tactics; a video tape of all Honor Council meetings to anyone who can walk and chew gum simultaneously, I give the coveted reigns of the pep band; to any locker room rodent waiting to find something to chew, I give all of my long forgotten and neglected MBA athletic wear; to Stuart Towery, the rights to horse references; to Mike Page, all of my inconsequential poetry and notes; to David Lockyear, a complimentary bottle of

nowhere to room 214; A net and harpoon gun to Justin Maestas, and a blanket to "Rhoadsy" Rhoads Hall.

I, **Warren Downs**, being of quadrafonically sound mind and lean body do hereby bequeath the following: a complete Michael Jackson collection to Jay Binkley; a ride to Jarrett Bell; the Jeep and the CD's to my brother; Jay's stapler to a junior; my swimming ability to Brent Cummings; a dry suit to Bo Sundias; everything else, I'm taking with me...Q.E.D.

Being of high bar-tortured body and symbolism-punished mind, I, **Peter Dudley**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Asher Dudley, the propane truck with all the fixings, three years of plays, and the ability to start a theme at 10 PM and still do well on it; to James, my "unbounded" Pommel horse skills (ha-ha); to Simon Westlake, a year of plays and that horn in the Harpeth Hall props room; to Justin Maestas, all the rest of my gymnastics skills, except the giants, which go to Warren Downs; to Micah Bennett, the library, but especially the stock section of the newspapers; to Jeff Joe, a movie you haven't seen; to Scott Lewis, a telephone call before every theme; to Farren Becall and Ingrid Bergman, all my heart; to Sarah, a loaf of recipe #1 banana bread, a racketball, a George Winston tape, and years of plays and work calls; to whomever wants it, half of the honor of being a Senior first tenor; and to Chris Horstman, the sole use of the "preposition."

I, **Rally Dupps**, being of a body and an OK mind, do bequeath the following: to anyone who can walk and chew gum simultaneously, I give the coveted reigns of the pep band; to any locker room rodent waiting to find something to chew, I give all of my long forgotten and neglected MBA athletic wear; to Stuart Towery, the rights to horse references; to Mike Page, all of my inconsequential poetry and notes; to David Lockyear, a complimentary bottle of

FEATURES

Seniors' Last Wills and Testaments

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Head and Shoulders shampoo; to Thayer Smith, six dollars to get a decent haircut; to Rick Barksdale, my red MBA swim team speedos; to Andrew Dupps, one 1966 Mustang convertible; to John Moore, a Jane Fonda low impact workout tape; to Michael O'Hare, Buddy Popov; and to MBA, all of the oil which leaked from my car, and all of the mud I tracked in from the outside.

I, **Kelsey Fitzpatrick**, being of a mind that gets by and a body that barely survived, do hereby bequeath the following: to Dan Brooks, the ability to drink enough Coke to kill a goat; to anyone dedicated enough, the right to ski during football season; to the Fox, my love for bluegrass music; to George, my love of fishing; to Robert, my love of hunting; to Dr. Niemeyer, my belief in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny; to David Trainer, the tradition cut-off; to Kevin King, the right to hit anyone at will; to Kurt Kaludis, my hate of any foreign language; to Mauro Mastrapasqua, I leave my good study habits; and finally, I leave the red grill to the Big Red Club.

I, **Billy Frist**, being of superior mind and Herculean body, do hereby bequeath the following: to John Bass, I leave money for an earlobe operation; to Carter McNabb, I leave some steroids; to Renard Francois, I leave some hand banging metal music and a little speed; to Chris Vlahos, I leave a water bottle; to David Trainer, I leave a pair of British Knights shoes; to Alden Smith, I leave the ability to be a stud; to George Clements, I leave a little meanness; to Billy Crawford, I leave the book, *How to be a*

True Stud; to Mr. Gaither, I leave a pack of Marlboro Reds.

I, **Chet Frist**, being of a normal mind and body, bequeath the following: to George Clements, I leave the wonderful game of Foodfight; to Drew Heitzler, I leave a neck; to Renard Francois, I leave a story and an L.L. Bean catalog; to Justin Maestas, I leave a dolphin and a free trip; to Lance Carney, I leave an episode *The Jetsons*; to Keith Ikard, I leave two cases of toys; to John Bass, I leave the memory of the Bed Wars; to John Sunkeilz, I leave some cough medicine; to Art Holsher, I leave the FRA prom; to David Lott, I leave a lunch period; to David Wycoff, I leave my camera so that he may fidget with it; and finally, to Lindsey Cooper, I leave a buffer and my teeth.

I, **Richard Scott Galoway**, being of DEADened mind and well endowed body, leave the following items to enrich and nourish the academic growth of their recipients: to Earl "Big E" Simmons, I leave lots of water, reunion tours of *7000 Trees* and *The Good Earth*, many REM bootlegs, a promise of more cherished moments with the boys, and still more refusals by Mike and Peter to play "Action"; to Nate Sewell, I leave a defunct tie-dye business, a corn cob pipe purchased at a Cracker Barrel somewhere near Sea Island, and a Leon's preferred customer's card; to Malcolm Sewell, I leave my position on the tennis team my senior year; to Martin Jones, I leave a six pack of Mr. Pibb, memories of Sequoia in all its grandeur and splendor, and a request to tell Dave and Barbara I said "Hi"; to Philip Avant, I leave the duty of keeping

Martin out of trouble; to Dudley Hammon, I leave a backstage pass to REM; to David Moroney, I leave the knowledge of his eternal cuteness; to Drew Heitzler, I leave, a Dead shirt from the Alpine shows (by the way, Drew, did I, by any chance tell you I am going to Alpine this summer?); to Daniel Donelson, I leave fond memories of Talford; to Mr. Womack, I leave eternal gratitude, many thanks, and tickets to all the Grateful Dead shows on the East Coast tour in 1990; and finally, to everyone else, I leave wishes of good luck and hopes for success...yeah, whatever.

I, **Prescot Glynn**, being of...well, just being, do hereby bequeath the following to those who need it: to Shade Murray, a book on how to act like a man; to Chris Horstman, a real sense of humor; to John Lamb, a weekly planner that extends into the year 2050 (in hopes that he won't have to do his Math homework in class anymore); to Pieter Foster, the Golden Gloves Award; to Simon Westlake, a lead in the next play; to Eric Falk, all my Dean R. Koontz books, a manual on how to get by carrying two notecards for each class and a heavy duty book bag; to Richard Arendale, some downers (let's face it Rich, you're too strung out); to Sheldon "Bull" Griffin, an air mattress to carry around from class to class; to Richie Gann, the book *101 Uses for the Human Female*, including the "Barefoot and Pregnant Editorial" by Male Chauvinists of America and forced confinement in a padded room with Dukakis during the next primaries; to John Smithwick, my ability to look comfortable in any situation; to Bradley Do-Wright, my bogs for his gnats; and to Emperor Jason, my power tools and God's phone number.

I, **James Gooch**, being of sound mind and strong body, do hereby bequeath the following: in conjunction with Tom Lance I leave the for perk leadership to David Mason; to Alex Waddy I

leave the knowledge of who was this year's Big Ten Champion as well as the responsibility of beating the daylight out of the 'Burros for years to come; to Alden Smith I leave a champagne breakfast and three weeks at Five-Star Basketball Camp as well as one more year of track; to Rob Lance I leave my zeal for cross-country; to Hunter Connelly I leave the reigns of the Y-Ball 'hoops program (and a BGA student directory); in conjunction with Lanson Hyde, I leave the mile to Casey Jones; to George Reitz I leave a rear-view mirror; to Mr. Pruitt I leave three stupid questions, my hurdle spikes (so they may be revered), and some interval workout philosophy; to a certain voting majority I leave a heart-felt "thank you"; to Bob Echols I leave a pair of Vuar-nets and a 15'-160 lb. for him to crank on; and to MBA I leave with the ability to do just that.

I, **Brad Griffin**, being of Mount Juliet mind and body do hereby bequeath the following possessions to my loyal friends and companions: to Eric Hamiter, all of the "invaluable" experiences that this school has to offer over the next five years and a great appreciation for Monty Python; to Lemoyne Harwell, height; to "Joahn Paul" Mark Debusk, continued enthusiasm for FCA; to Sandy "Small Weird Boy" Ole-sniczak, the right to call

someone else "Big Weird Boy"; to Flagg Youngblood, admiration for having the greatest name of any boy in the eighth grade; to Michael Burke, leadership of the second tenor; to Rob Howell and Garrett Kyle, stamina to put up with Mr. Tate's quirks, idiosyncrasies, and habits; to Christian Puryear, continued volleyball prowess and the right to say "IC-it's not just a game-it's a way of life!"; to Brett Seshul, the right to chant "Brave, Brave Sir Robin" whenever and wherever he so desires; to Charlie Bryan, the responsibility to get to school at 6:50 AM in order to say "Good morning" to any early arrivals; to "Big Rich" Cummins, many hours of enjoyment derived from listening to "Mountain Music" over and over and over...; to Will Gray, the stamina to drive 26 miles to and from school every day; to Keith Ikard, the courage and determination to tap dance interpretively in public; to Taylor Mayes, admiration and respect for being an all around great person; to Babu Paruchuri, the responsibility to sing to and/or with Mr. Tate on debate trips; to Chris Steele, the right to be as creative and as expressive as anyone who has gone before; to George Clements, make Taylor share with you (see above); to Eric Falk, volleyball prowess and a dime (ask Mr. Kemp how to use this dime); to Renard, the right to choose someone else

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to whom you can say "Hi_" in Mr. Tate's voice; to John Lamb, appreciation flash for being a good friend, success with speech team females, advice for FCA-don't be too confronting, a copy of some totally sinful and secular group's music (i.e. Anthrax or MegaDeath); to Mauro Mastropasqua, my American History Constitution flash cards; to Simon Westlake, a piping-hot plate of cashew chicken, a ham sandwich with butter-not mayonnaise, a list of the top ten songs to sing while playing volleyball; to MBA, many thanks.

I, **Sheldon Griffin**, being of unsound mind and bullish body, do bequeath to the following: to David Trainer, the ability to be held, clipped, and mauled by infinitely bigger linemen and still make the tackle, and the book, *A Hundred and One Reasons Why Riding Motorcycles Is Stupid*; to Kevin King, some peaches and a jug of orange juice, and a shutout to Colum-

bia, your own oil well, and a haircut and a shave; to Clayton Dike, a parenthetical expression besides UH!; to Chris Petrie, a punching bag so Clayton will quit using your face as one; to Steve Anderson, two girls and a tan; to Stuart Towery, the ability to endure constant grief from others and great success in baseball; to Billy Crawford, a book on how to pass a football, a sports season free of injuries and some testosterone; to Robert Echols, a Purity milk jug, a Driver's Ed course, and better demerit hall excuses; to George Clements, more naivete, a chance to take the Blazer four-wheeling and a haircut that the Beaver would not wear; to Scot Burroughs ("Patterson"), a dog collar with a leash to make it official, a direct line to her house, and a license to give the man in charge of selling candy at breaks next year the grief of not selling everyday; to Daniel Donaldson, a good lunch; to Craig Spengler, a life; to Chris Horstman, my books: *How to Have a Gut*

and still Be Reasonably Quick, and a few good six inch steps; to Matt Poe, a good laugh in Mr. Bennett's class and some luck at linebacker; to Lindsey Cooper, some common sense in blocking schemes, a book on how to run on your toes and not on your heels, and all-face razor; to Dan Brooks, an injury-free play, some beast in your dresser-drawer, and an ever bigger sound system downstairs; to Chris Vlahos, my book *How to Stay Low and 101 Reasons Not to Play Offense*; to Mr. Regen, lots of luck next year and some wisdom in finding someone new to rag on; to anyone, four years of science; to any lineman, the challenge of competing in the AAA; to Mr. Mikel, a junior-free Economics class; to MBA, a glad exit.

I, **John Gupton**, being of tired mind and out-of-shape body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jason Bennett, my science fair project board - the biggest, sturdiest one ever made; to Mark Debusk, a legacy of demerits; to Ray, Bo, and Grant, the sincere hope that you will carry on a fine male-cheerleading tradition; to Brett Seshul, my Debbie Gibson tapes; to John McDonald, my theme-writing expertise; to Charles Israel, a pair of bright-colored plaid pants so you too can make "a statement"; to Chris Steele, the magaphones - guard them well - and the wisdom to refrain from playing chess at basketball games; to Johnny Lamb, a tape of "Like a Prayer" and a host of Madonna posters; to Simon Westlake, supreme devotion to the chorus; to Devraj Basu, a dead cat and an invitation to take a tour of Gupton College; to my teachers, advisors, the librarians, and the ladies in the office, my gratitude for all their help.

I, **Chris Hall**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to John Ford, the ability to score a goal; to Justin Maestas, a date with Claire Wallace; to Drew Healy, the ability to cover up the truth in less obvious ways; to Mr. Mikell, the obvious points; to

Mr. Herring, a silver can of Right Guard; to Barry Downer, a plethora of Baylor-style haircuts; to Drew Heitzler, a few red cards; to Mr. Lanier, a torpedo header and the real story behind the 1986 soccer trip; to Renard François, a clan palm so he won't transmit the common cold; to Grant Seshul, a deep voice; and to Matt Poe, a large group of car parkers.

I, **Rhoads Hall**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Martin Roberts I leave "Red Dog D," which guarantees that the other team will "crash and burn."; to Justin Maestas I leave nothing because he is so far in debt to me and nine other guys; to Drew Robison and D.J. Salinas I leave fond memories of Macabe...or rather just memories of Macabe; to Brent Cummings I leave a patch; to Renard François (or Martin) I leave knowing you are un bon homme; to Scott Yates I leave a plow; to John Dunkerly and Rob Lance I leave some cough medicine; to Todd Anderson I leave an alarm clock; to Richard Arendale I leave some tomatoes and some fond memories of the warrior and his machine; to George Clements I leave my xerox copy of myself as well as a little black book for all these names; no, I didn't forget you, Big Rich- I leave you with a hat that goes on straight, a better laugh, and my ability to get rowdy and be country- I gotcha there! Finally, I leave to all MBA students the legend of a machine never to be surpassed- THE TANK (a little black smoke might be left also if you know what I mean).

I, **Wilson Hardcastle**, being of "I don't" mind and undertall body, bequeath the following: to Mr. Womack, I leave patience, because he has been so heavily taxed; to Mrs. Paschall, I leave a dozen raw escargots, sans shells; to Mr. Gaither, I leave all my vacations in lieu of all of his "independent study breaks"; and to Dr. Paschall, I leave a stethoscope, so that people will not ask what he is a "Dr." of, and hopefully he

can earn some extra bucks on the side giving consultations.

I, **Jonathan Harwell**, being of unclear mind and absent body do hereby leave the following: to David Mason, one crumb cake and a "couple" of potato chips; to Art Holscher, a pair of waders and a snorkel for the Belle Meade Country Club Golf Course; to John Wallace, a license, a car, some rope, and Tommy Lawrence; to John Bass, WMBA, a country ham breakfast, and baseball with Mr. Mitchell; to George "Super Grover" Clements, Sunnyside Drive and Christmas Day and one Six Million Dollar Man doll which I supposedly broke; to Rob Lentz, to power of Golden Thrust (the friendship of Coach Thoni and all the free Coke he wants), a reliable announcing partner, a pair of dry pants for the plane ride home, a little Korean boy named Dave with an annoying percussion instrument, and one Grundilla sandwich with extra mayonnaise, hold the teeth; to John Dunkerly, a Truck O'Jerky, one "P" run, a safe and timely ride home, the Third Wave, and a bottle of Advil; to Billy Crawford, greetings from my sister, Reed; to Nate Sewell, a pair of Italian shoes which are too orange and too small; and to Carter McNabb, my lunch and five dollars.

I, **John Milburn Hays**, being of a mind and a body, do hereby bequeath: to Steven Outlaw, my CD player and CD's; to Michael Page, my money and electronic metronome; to Willie Johnson, my Al Dimeola tapes; to John Henry Rice, my car; to David Lockyear, my "Miami Dolphins" stocking cap; to Amy Corbin, one package of PopTarts (any flavor, to be purchased with Mike's money); to my brother David, my guitar and all related paraphanelia; to my brother Mark, a copy of the music for "Cielo E Terra" (to be purchased with my brother David's money); to Jesse Abram, a swift kick in the rear; to Suzanne Stockard, my blue T-shirt; to Kate Davis, my best wishes in all her endeavors; to "The Breakfast Crew" (collectively), my

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appetite; to Mrs. Lowry, my themes, as she will no doubt find much use for them; to Lawrence Berman, complete consciousness; to the library, all poems in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Slaughter-House Five*, to be photocopied from my copy of the book, and to be displayed conspicuously in the library; to Mr. Lanier, my ability to recall lyrics and movie quotations; to anyone I left out (you know who you are), anything of mine, excluding the aforementioned items; to everyone else, absolutely nothing.

I, Whit Jeffords, being of sound body and mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Earl Simmons, I leave \$2.39 for a can of Endust; to Carter McNabb and Billy Crawford, I leave the comforting fact that "Bull" is only a fragment of their imagination; to Mr. Elliot, I leave the idea that infinity plus one is greater than infinity; to Mr. Womack, I leave my infinite understanding of the Gothic Period: "It pretty much looks like just another church, sir."; to Lee Page, I leave my sincere apologies for stepping on his solo in "Jumping Jack Flash"; A message to all juniors: It's not really hip be square.

I, Jeff Joe, being of dead-tired body and drained mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Brett Seshul, two demerits for old times sake and my best wishes to him and his future career as a stunt man, whose speciality is hanging onto the roofs of moving cars; to Jay Kahlon, a copy of Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*, a hatchet to decapitate poisonous snakes, and permission to publish his new book *1001 Ways On How to Abuse Novices*; to Joon-Ho Yu, my blood relative, I leave a giggle box, with which he can compete in laughing contests; to David Strayhorn, I leave one round trip to Long Island, New York, so that he can see HER in person; to Jonathan Reeve, I leave a toga, and permission to rule over the island of Lesbos while he is over there; to Peter Dudley, I leave a colorized version of *Casablanca*, just to

make him mad; to Richie Gann, I pass the message that Mr. Bostick still wants you to do number four; to Al, I leave no sympathy; to Al (again), I leave an island, smack in the middle of the Atlantic so that he can start his own leper colony (just kidding); to Al (once again), I also bequeath an iron muzzle and ten thousand chains so that he can restrain that stupid canine of his; and to Goeff Joe, my alter ego, I give the power to freeze time and the keys to the car because I know for sure my brother won't use them.

I, Willie Johnson, being of a Grateful mind and a Dead body, do hereby leave "brilliant" goalkeeping skills, a sprained shoulder and a fourteen minute two-mile to Drew Healy; a "Steal Your Fare" window sticker and an altered mind to Drew Heitzler; an eight-dollar Grateful Dead T-shirt with holes in it and a green card to Justin Maestas; wonderful memories of sitting around bored in our end of the soccer field to Rob Murphy; a red monkey to Brandon Daniell; a couple of Dead road trips to various cities in the United States during important soccer games to Mr. Lanier; a loud and obnoxious voice to Brett Stahlman; the glorious tradition of the "Hanson Brothers Line" and a great time in Wilmington to Jeff Lundstrohm; a new microphone, a smokin' rendition of "Dear Mr. Fantasy," a lot of empty water cans, and the responsibility of upholding the sanctity of the "Good Earth" (which has all summer left, by the way) to Earl Simmons; a phenomenal and soaring veracity to Mr. Womack; a trip to Atlanta ("when it all started") to Dr. Niemeyer; an all-weather, secret agent KGB spy watch to Pat Harkleroad; to Andy Russ a little humility; "the obvious points" to Mr. Mikell; and "the community me built me built" to Jim Haynes.

I, Mark LaVigne being... do hereby bequeath to Justin Maestas, an empty bottle, a goalpost, and the memories of a free trip; to Bill Bryan, some intelligence and some very

fine concert tickets; to Rob Lance, a mere thought; to Rob and Sean Murphy, Mark's Alcove; to John Ford, a flight of stairs; to Drew Heitzler, some chocolate chip cookies and an overcoat; to Andy Russ, some ice for his swollen head and a real curfew; to David Haslam, a bottle with handle and an older woman; to Mr. Lanier, a perfect, a few eggs, some new boots, a torpedo header, and an excellent and brilliant match; to Drew Healy, some Midori and a court date; to Craig Spengler, some mace and a real excuse to miss practice; to Pat Harkleroad, a night in town with the team; to Brett Stahlmann, some words; to Mr. Mikell, the obvious points; and to Renard François, a national championship dinner.

I, Stephen Mathews, blond in hair, blue in eyes, and brilliant in mind, do hereby bequeath these things to the following: my MBA visor and McCabe to Coach Caldwell; my putter and driver to Drew Patterson and the rest of the golf team; my parking place, to anyone who arrives at school between 7:58 and 8:00; my love in life to Dr. Niemeyer; my tan and blond hair to Dr. Crowell or to anyone else who has not yet been in the sun; my five demerits to anyone who has walked on the grass; "Boodie and Roll" to the pigeons and other scavengers on the MBA campus.

I, John Moore, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following things: to Jackson Wray and Carter Baker many trips to school; to Jon Nameth a pecan pie; to Renard François the coveted strong guard position.

I, Jon Nameth, being in sound mind and body, leave to the following people: to Mr. herring, an Easter tie to wear once a week and a year's subscription to *GQ* magazine to help him with the new men's fashions; to Brian Bobo, total mastery of all the capital punishment debates in Speech and all my notecards to whip Marion Southall; to Kirk Kaludis, a large belt and

a canteen since he will have no one to go with to get water during Thursday practices; to Simon Westlake, a new sweater so that he doesn't have to wear his purple and white sweater ten days in a row; to David Moroney, a tube of paint pellets so that he can hit some more defenseless survival game players who have no ammo; to Chris Horstman, possession of the infamous football cheer "oohh yeeahh" for any decent play; to DeThompson, the job of captain and total rule of the MBA hockey team to carry on the tradition of destroying Ryan's hockey team; to Jeff Lundstram, the memory of the Hansen brothers, the best offensive line ever seen in Nashville, Tennessee; to Brian Charrington, the burden of representing the people of Canada and keeping all Canadian influence alive; to Justin Crosslin, total rule of the first period speech since he showed that he was not someone to be messed with; to Mr. Pruitt, a calendar with real facts about science on it and my dead biology cat to use it however he wants.

I, Michael O'Hare, red of hair, dashing in looks, and smashing in brilliance, bequeath these items to the following: to Mr. Herring, I give him the vast and incredible knowledge of capitalism, the only economic system that works; to Mr. Regen, a warm glass of Slim Fast; to Mrs. Orth, a pillow; to Mr. Mikel, the chess team and its abundant wealth; to Dr. Paschall, Dr. Spock's book *How to be a Red Neck*; to Mr. Gaither, my Latin book ashes; to Matt Poe, the key to the 50 defense; to Billy Crawford, the title of "Woody"; to Matt Fisher, all I can say is "I'm tried."; to Alden Smith, my special team's prowess; to Andrew Duthie, the new weight gain formula.

I, Mike Page, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Dave Lockyear, all of my burettes, my boots, incredible gas mileage and Toyota power, and all of the trash he has left in my car; to Peter Dudley, the memory of

Baggos, and my army jacket; to John Hays, the other half of "Toad" that couldn't fit on Dave's 120-minute cassette, the Cammy Joe keeps, and my cereal paraphernalia; to Lee Page, an open mind, all my fresh clothes, and a life; to Charles Treadway, my drum set so he won't need the new keyboard (if he doesn't want it, give it to Rick); to Mr. Mikell, my "Nothing's Shocking" tape; to Marion Southall, a wreck-proof* car stereo; to John Henry Rice, my cold, hard corpse; to Bull, that which we do after school.

I, Chip Perry, being of sound body and soul do hereby leave my premature gray hair and the excitement of cutting yards during the spring and fall while still in school to John Dunkerly; and to all juniors, the agony of the college application process.

I, Drew Robison, being of a socially confused mind and band-aid body (in the fall), do hereby bequeath the following: to Alden Smith I give the "rag" and a stupid topic to argue about; to George Clements, I leave the "whippersnappers" of the old days (like back in '32...); to Billy Crawford and/or DeThompson, I leave the MBA Air Attack duties; to Big Rich Cummins, I give the right to turn in the Verse of the Week every week in football; to Alex Waddey I leave a big smile and the ability to get knocked out (Don't Worry, Be Happy); to "T" Mayes I give a million high fives and a "Whassop?"; to the Fox I give a firm handshake and the admiration I have for Michelle Pfeiffer (what's left of it, anyway, Renard); to Brett Seshul I give a little guy to put on your shoulder; to Matt Roberts and Mark DeBush I leave five years more to look forward to; and to everyone I give my shoes.

I, Mike Seshul, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to my younger brother Grant, I leave a haircut; to my other younger brother, Brett, I leave some classes; I leave "scrub-offense" to any center who will take it; to Alden

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Smith, I leave the bench; I leave my golden shot-put to Renard François; to Mr. Herring, I leave the book *The Joys of Capitalism*; to Jean, I leave several free bags of curly fries; I leave my incredible offensive Survival Game skills to Dee Thompson; to Jabo, I leave a pack of Kools Menthols; to MBA, I leave a life-size portrait of myself to go beside the one of Mr. Bondurant; I leave my laugh to the next promising young vocalist who can handle not only the strain, but the responsibility of possessing such a laugh; to Mr. Kemp, I leave a B2 section full of immaturity and inexperience.

I, **Chris Shea**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave a pair of swim flippers, batteries for the bionic leg, and another goal to Justin "\$49 vacation" Maestas; a watch (15 minutes fast) and a bottle of "La Vigner Cleaner" for tough bathroom clean-ups to Rob Murphy; John Smithwick to Meg Murphy; some motor oil and a barbecue sandwich to John Ford; some more "jax-in-the-pouch" for George Clements; facial expressions and vocal inflection for Brett Stahlman; all my navy socks to Jay Bradford; a big MBA flag and a puddle of Coke for Keith Ikard; 1,000 pennies and some walking shoes for Lee Page (along with some Living Color sheet music); a wind-shield squeegee and golf caddy for Bill Hastings; some grass seeds and a soccer-wedgie for John Bass; a black headband and my old U.A. cup to Drew Heitzler; a Texas hat for Dick Cummins; and refunds to all the sophomores who bought R.E.M. tickets from LaVigne and me.

I, **Brooks Smith**, being of deluded mind and in constant struggle with the forces of evil, do hereby bequeath the following to others upon my translocation: to Dan Brooks, my driving abilities and relative unconcern regarding them; to Lindsey Cooper, the real man's way to be a wild man-not that he, or I, am wild, of course; to Adin Lara, Jeffrey Buntin, and Renard François, the legacy of the Fat

Man's Relay; also to Renard, I give your soul back-thanks, but it never did me any good; to Devraj Basu, that intense competitive drive and my jeep, if you want it; to James, "Take it easy!" and the ability to do so; to Grant and Brett Seshul, all the thousands of women that I have had (and as a favor for Mike); to Matt Poe, my limited, but maybe helpful, ability as a backer.

I, **Thayer Smith**, of elevated mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: I leave my musical talent to George Reitz, my coordination to Rally Dupps; my ability to shoot to Eric Falk; and finally, I leave the incredible drive behind my running to Keith Ikard.

I, **John Smithwick**, being of sound mind and swift body, do hereby bequeath: to Rob Lentz, a hole, dry pants, an accordion, a love for foreign culture, and love; to Alden Smith, another year as junior class president; to Renard François, a guide to Italian wine gulping and a house *high* up in the mountains; to Mrs. Paschall, a picture of Wilson; to Drew Heitzler, a temper; to Justin Maestas, a map of Nashville's favorite mill streets, directions to Sasha's house, and money; to Coach Elliot, my own personal speedy fitness workout tape; to John Ford, a tomahawk; to Andy Russ, some athletic ability; to Nate Sewell, a long, hot, crowded bus ride; to Dr. Grubber, Young James to do with as you please; to anyone who wants it, the responsibility for covering a weak strong safety and cheering on guys in wrestling matches.

I, **Marion Southall**, being of extremely tired mind and girl-crazed body, do hereby bequeath the following: to all of my friends in Indiana, I leave a lot of yellow envelopes, ten copies of *The Bell Ringer*, and good luck in college; to Laura, I leave love, happiness, and the knowledge that piano recitals do not bring you real money and fame-fencing does; to every bus driver who knows me, I leave my thanks for the many stories I can now tell my kids

about the mishaps and accidents I've experienced; to my church youth group, I leave leadership, my prayers, support, and the knowledge that if you screw up, I'm watching, laughing, and coming to save you (yeah right-leave San Antonio?); to Mark Philips, Lisa, and Charles, I leave my thanks for being there for me when I was really down in the dumps; to all of other friends not previously mentioned, I leave pictures of myself so that I am not forgotten, just misplaced; to Mike Page, I leave a wreck-proof car and a large field of grass with trees; to Andrew Duthie and the 1989-90 *Bell Ringer* editors, I leave my "clean" keychains, keys to the room, and the knowledge that there will be an error somewhere in the paper (i.e. don't try to become perfect, it just doesn't work); to Dr. Niemeyer, the name "Spike" and a perfect newspaper; to my Mother, I leave my thanks for making sure I did what was needed in order to do well (Love 'ya); and finally, to Linda, I leave you and Mr. Regen ONE OF STUPID HATS!; to Linda, again, I leave every hope and dream of one day becoming boring and dull, all of my pictures, a teddy bear, and I leave my love; to MBA, I leave my official freshman cross-country running shoes, one hat, and the hope of becoming even better than before. Thanks for the memories.

I, **Brian Stephenson**, being of sound mind and sound body do bequeath the following: to Scott Galloway: my 7th grade rule-book; to Mike Page: a pair of orange polyester pants; to Marion Southall: dark socks; to Jason West: eight hours of sleep; to John Koon: *The Muppet Movie* soundtrack; to Andy Patterson: cab fare to a movie in Durham; to Eric Falk: another telescope; to Albert Tirao: an inflatable Gerdal doll; to Michael O'Hare and Chris Hall: an Arthurian Romance; to Mr. Novak: a bag of pretzels; to Eleanor Jones: a train ticket to Buffalo; to Jeff Joe: *The Unabridged Complete James Bond Stories*; to Jay Kahler: a

chix patty; to Peter Dudley: George Winston and a tie-dyed roustabout shirt; to Lawrence Berman: a date with Kim Bassinger; and to David Strayhorn: water balloons, two pairs of glasses, countless arguments, theater, art, the godfathership of my first born, and a large pizza.

I, **David "Stray" Strayhorn**, being of somewhat clear mind and Tae Kwon Doesque body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Lanson Hyde, those D&D books I borrowed in sixth grade, and all ten quotations I cut from your senior bio; to John Hays, a month of free Tae Kwon Do lessons; to Brooks Smith, my Day-Timer; to Russell Allen, all the hot babes at Duke; to Jeff Joe, my VCR tape collection and my popcorn popper; to Carter Murray and Eleanor Jones, my extensive knowledge of calculus, may it serve you well; to Jennifer Farnette, my Stetson hat; to Catherine Perry, my Happening cross and a sleeping bag; to Mrs. Lowry, my tape of *It's Wonderful Life* (starring Jimmy Steward) and a theme on George Bailey's redefinition of the Gatsby Dream; to Heather Brigham, my glasses and my admission to Duke; to Lawrence Berman, a little subtlety; to Brian Stephenson, my Macintosh, some old clothes, a little Episcopal craziness, and my appreciation for Mr. Gatti's; to David Haslam, Andy Coulam, and Charles Isreal, the keys to my office and best wishes for the 1990 *Bell*; and to Mr. Moxley, Mr. Drake, Dr. Crowell, and all the other teachers and people who have helped me along my MBA career, my thanks for a great six years on "The Hill."

I, **Mark Thraillkill**, being approximately 75% water, do hereby bequeath the following to whatever fortunate soul I can think of: I leave my superb dogfighting ability to Charles Israel; I leave propane tank to David Neff; I leave my tactical and strategic brilliance with respect to computerized simulations of real world and fantasy situations to Alex Rogers; I leave

my Calvin and Hobbes books to the English department; I leave an amazing Mouli to the AP Chemistry class; I leave my ability to be shot in the ear to Steve Anderson; I leave my instructions to my calculator to Wally Jones; I leave my backpack to Richard Pulley; and finally, I leave...school!!!

I, **Albert Tirao**, being of perfect mind and almost excessively masculine body, do hereby leave the following: to John Roberts, a Latin medal; to that Harpeth Hall girl who I see at church, a plane ticket to San Diego (I'll see you there); to Brett Seshul, I leave my car (just joking-I'm not leaving you anything); to Joon-Ho Yu, my sympathy; to Jeff Joe, red nail polish (for scratches on your car); to Ms. Lowry, a split infinitive; and to anyone who wants it, I leave Nashville.

I, **Jason West**, thinking and still animate, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Mikel, someone to carry on in the "devil's advocate" position and argue "the other side"; to whatever lost souls who end up with the lead roles in next year's plays, the right to sleep through second period study hall; to Shade Murray, *How to Meet Females Without Acting Like an Idiot*; to Simon Westlake, someone new to take cute couple pictures of now that Elizabeth and I are gone, the leads in all Harpeth Hall plays, and the best, if slightly late, director in any high school; to Brad Griffin, my "It Pays to be Pagan" button, a new questioner to keep him on his toes, and a female with that certain "Je ne sais quoi" and similar beliefs; to Prescott Glynn, whatever title he finds useful and an ounce of cynicism and a badge of hypocrisy for survival purposes.

I, **Joon-Ho Yu**, being of tired mind and tired body, do hereby submit this document as a final testament of the distribution of my assets. I leave to Jonathan Reeve and Eugene Park my hopes for a winning record on a boring topic. I also leave to Jonathan Reeve another year of MBA with Mr. Tate and one penny

OPINIONS

Could a Merger with Harpeth Hall Work?

by Richard Fitzgerald

staff writer

Having spent the first semester of my sophomore year in a coed school in Switzerland, and then going directly into a single-sex school, I realize a dramatic contrast between the two. I know many people as close friends, but never have a chance to associate with them in an educational and everyday environment. I feel that this contact is very important because once in the real business world, one will be working with the opposite sex on a daily basis. Since Montgomery Bell Academy is an all male school, it is being deprived of the educational, social, and economic advantages of a coed school. Therefore, something should be done.

One of the major advantages of single-sex schooling is the absence of distractions by the opposite sex. Some say that absence of distractions greatly improves the quality of education. A headmaster of a local private school recently conducted a poll of twenty-five private high schools, each with the same academic standards as MBA. Of all of the twenty-five schools polled, Montgomery Bell Academy's SAT scores from last year's seniors, were about thirty points higher than those of the other schools. Many credit MBA's high scores with the fact that it is a single-gender program.

At Haverford College, a distinguished professor did a study on how SAT scores relate to "success." He defines success as having good schooling, a good job, and being happy and comfortable about life. He actually discovered a negative correlation between SAT scores and "success": this means that higher academic achievers, some of whom attend MBA, will not necessarily be "successful" adults.

Another benefit of a single-sex school is that it allows the students to be more vulnerable and outspoken in class and not to be afraid to express themselves. In many coed schools, for example, girls may not be as challenged because of prevailing gender

roles or their feelings that boys are supposed to be better at certain subjects than girls are, and vice-versa. While single-gender schools may enable students to voice themselves more freely, it appears that such an educational approach does not prepare one very well for college and adulthood, which is one of the main goals of high school. A single-sex education and interaction with only one gender is not adequate training for the real world, where men and women work together on a daily basis.

Another misconception about single-gender schools, especially in the case of MBA and Nashville, is that they have higher academic standards. This is not a valid assumption because coed schools have double the application pool of single-sex schools and can therefore be more selective. They can accept the highest qualified applicants and therefore enhance the academic quality of the school.

It is true that it is easier to teach students when the opposite sex is not around. For example, the girls, or guys, do not have to worry about how their hair looks or what they are wearing and can concentrate more on what the teacher is saying. But the easier way out will not necessarily produce the best results. The persons taught under a non-coed system, even though they might have a stronger sense of fraternity or sorority, will probably be deprived of fully developed socialization, primarily with the opposite sex.

One possible solution would be to convert MBA over to a coeducational system. Using the present campus and teachers, would be fairly easy, though there would be a number of drawbacks. First, it is likely that the change would greatly disrupt the Harpeth Hall and private school communities. In Mobile, Alabama, several years ago, a private boys school went coed in the presence of a private girls school. The new coed school caused a drastic drop in the enrollment of the other area schools, principally the girls school.

UMS for boys and Julius Wright for girls, made plans to go coed. The plan was knocked down by the alumni of Julius Wright School, who wanted its single-sex education to continue. UMS was eventually forced to go coed because of the persisting economic difficulties, caused by low enrollment. Around sixty to seventy percent of the Julius Wright School students switched to the coed UMS, virtually causing Julius Wright to go bankrupt. This same situation could occur in our community if MBA were to go coed without a well-coordinated effort with Harpeth Hall. This situation could not only ruin a school but give a very negative image of MBA throughout the community.

A second reason that this proposition might fail would be student placement. MBA has the largest campus and would be the logical site for the high school program. Since there are not any facilities to accommodate more students than there are now, many male students would have to leave in order to make room for more qualified girls. There is no fair way to handle this situation.

Alumni are the third and final factor of the proposal's probable malfunction. Alumni contributions and support are vitally important to MBA's prosperity. Many alumni would not support MBA in the future if it goes coed against their will. When Sewanee Academy and St. Andrews merged into a coed school, alumni interests dropped severely. Numerous alumni favor MBA's present system and would look very negatively upon such a drastic change.

Despite the above, I propose that Montgomery Bell Academy merge with Harpeth Hall. Such a merger's benefits would outweigh the disadvantages. Upon completion of this merger, the proposed new school would include grades six through twelve. Since the campus is somewhat smaller, the junior high school, grades six through eight, should be relocated to the Harpeth Hall campus. Montgomery Bell Academy's more extensive

land and facilities would better accommodate a high school program.

While the activities of the upper and lower schools would be focused on their respective campuses, there would be some sharing of certain specialized facilities. For example, Harpeth Hall has a particularly well-equipped photography lab which MBA lacks.

Both the upper and lower schools would still require the same number of teachers and administrators, although the composition of their classes would become coeducational. This arrangement would focus on having a separate upper and lower school, each of which would be operated on separate campuses. With the lower school having an individual administration and expanded facilities, it would be able to handle considerably more students as with the high school. There are numerous conflicts that could hinder or even block the proposal from becoming a reality. First, the alumni might pose a serious threat to the proposition. As with the Julius Wright School in Mobile, Alabama, it is possible that the alumni could actually nullify the proposal with enough support. Many alumni favor the traditional single-sex education and see no reasons for it to change for succeeding generations. Others merely think that if enrollment is high enough to pay for the school's operation, then why change a good thing.

Another major factor in the merger is feasibility. With a merger it would be extremely difficult to combine the various philosophies and activities to fit a coeducational system. There would be question as to the leadership of the new school. It would also be difficult to determine the headmaster and the board of trustees. Another slight complication would be the new school's name.

The third and final reason why a merger would be unfavorable is its worthlessness. It would take several years for all the structural details taken care of. Would

a new coed school in Nashville be worth the hassle and time?

With a merger of MBA and Harpeth Hall, the present board of trustees of both schools combined, should be the main decisionmaking body. They are in tune with what is going on in the present, whereas, the alumni have different recollections of the school in the past, which may differ from the present. The alumni are often ignorant of the present educational environment or status of their alma mater. I suggest that upon reaching the decision of a merger, committees be formed for each of the aspects of the schools that needs to be combined or altered. The various committees should be able to prevent any foreseeable problems. I believe that a merger is extremely feasible. For example, Park-Tudor school in Indianapolis, Norfolk Academy in Norfolk, and Pembroke Hill School in Kansas City are all the products of merging single sex schools that prosper greatly. I propose a gradual merger over a few years to insure a smooth transition and time to solve any problems that may arise. The coeducational system could be introduced several classes at a time per year.

Montgomery Bell Academy would significantly benefit from a MBA Harpeth Hall merger. Coeducational schools have been proven to provide a happier environment. With the merger of MBA and Harpeth Hall, the new coed school could provide a higher level of education, a better social understanding, and a strong basis for a successful future.

Wills...

continued from page nine

toward the purchase of a 1990 class ring. I leave to Mr. Tatepuds, Hojo's, defrost vans, and anything else he needs for a successful debate year. I leave to the chorus all notes above a high E, *The Star Spangled Banner*, and *Tolite Hostias*. I leave to novice debaters three more years of debate, more boring topics, patience to work with novices

continued on next page

PHOTOJOURNAL

The Year in Review



John Bass and Greg Downer get a little closer.



Ouch!!



With Mr. Drake, it's all muscle.



Woody Gorbachev and Rabin Castro plot a scheme behind the back of Ethiopian Mike Page at a Mock UN Assembly.



We always thought so.

Wills...

continued from previous page
in the future, and mounds of candy for trips. I leave to Devraj Basu A.P. Chemistry, titrations, unknowns, net ionic equations, "Biopruitts," and punctuated equilibriums. Bye.



Wiennie Bowl ref Andy Patterson ignores hopeless golfer Charles Isreal during the cross country's team's spectacular 14-0 victory.



Mr. Drake enjoys the thrill of victory vicariously as Cary Brothers and Renard François receive medals and flowers for Spaghetti Supper ticket sales.

PHOTOJOURNAL

The Hill is alive with the Sound of Music



Dr. Neergaard on the guitar.



Thayer Smith playing the bass.



Mrs. Christeson plays the harp.



Mauro Mastrapasqua (above) and Drew Robison (above right) tickle the ivories.



Mr. Novak plays the harmonica.

"...and God created Nature..."

continued from next page
ards from Tennessee and eventually the world. Please help this important cause!

The Zoological Society of Middle Tennessee (P.O. Box 25187, Nashville, TN. 37202) made an appearance at the *Recycle! Fest'89* to gain local support and to receive contributions toward building a zoo in Nashville. Furthermore, The Middle Tennessee Rainforest Action Group (Rt. 1 Box 667, Bon Aqua, TN. 37025), The Foundation for Global Sustainability (P.O. Box 9581, Bowling Green, KY. 42102), and The Rainforest Action Network (300 Broadway, Suite 28, San

Francisco, CA. 94133) all acquired booths at the *Recycle! Fest'89* to spread the concern of preserving rainforests. *Recycle! Nashville* (P.O. Box 24934, Nashville, TN. 37202) wishes to thank all the people who made this event possible and hopes that the public has received an education about living in a healthy and clean world...

"Nobody made a greater mistake than (s)he who did nothing because (s)he could do only a little..."

Edmund Burke

ENTERTAINMENT

"...and God Created Nature..."

by David Workman

staff writer

"Imagine, if you will, an alternative political party that gives highest priority to the interconnectedness of all life on earth...indeed, a party that sees the Earth as a living being, whose life we must help sustain and replenish..."

The Woodland Green Party

"If we nurture that vision with the lifeblood of our ideas and our efforts, we and our children may be rewarded with a future worth living..."

Anastasia Goodstein, a current Senior at The University School of Nashville and an active environmentalist in the community, with the assistance of other concerned individuals and Waste Management Recycle America arranged a local recycle gathering in Centennial Park on the 20th of May, 1989. Recycle! Fest '89 (Recycle! Nash-

ville), the title of this public awareness meeting, included an afternoon of free entertainment, a guest appearance by Snow Bird, public recycle drop off (numerous dumpsters available to hold an assortment of recycleable materials including: glass bottles, newspapers, plastic, aluminum and tin cans, etc.). Face painting and refreshments also seemed to promote the daily festivities.

The performance by local musicians, *The Shakers* and *Aashid Himmions*, further enhanced the message of public awareness and enabled participants and supporters of *Recycle! Fest '89* to enjoy excellent entertainment. Furthermore, the presence of the many environmental organizations (*Greenpeace*, *Recycle! Nashville*, *MISSION EARTH*, *The Rainforest Action Network*, *National Recovery Technologies*, *B.U.R.N.T.*, *The Zoological Society of Middle Tennessee*, etc.) pro-

vided the public with information on threatened wildlife, the destruction of rainforests, health care, recycling in Nashville, and many other national and local concerns.

One of the many local organizations present was The Woodland Green Party, "a party whose fundamental principles include non-violence, ecological wisdom, global responsibility, and feminist values." At the present time, one of their goals is to save a tree in Madison, Tennessee from destruction by local construction authorities. This particular vegetation, nicknamed "*Tennessee Jed*," happens to be a 250 years old oak tree. The government in Madison wants to build a sidewalk in place of the tree. Although many active environmentalists have suggested alternatives, the

government does not wish to comply with these solutions. Any person who is concerned about this situation and wishes to support the preservation of "*Tennessee Jed*" may contact *The Woodland Green Party* (313 Peachtree St. Nashville, TN. 37210, 615-331-2737). All support would be greatly appreciated.

Other future environmental events include a benefit concert on Saturday, June 10th at Sals, which is sponsored by *MISSION EARTH*, and a "*March for Peace and the Environment Hiroshima Day*," August 6, 1989, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. *MISSION EARTH*, a non-profit organization founded recently by a group of Nashvillians who "see that the earth is in grave danger...believ[e] the way to educate the public about the earth's plight is through film,

television and radio messages..." *The Commercials* and these are *hoseplants* are among the many other musical groups who intend to perform on the evening of June 10th. All funds generated through the sales of this benefit show will be reinvested in future *MISSION EARTH* projects or global environmental awareness programs.

The March for Peace and the Environment Hiroshima Day, sponsored by *The Oak Ridge Environmental Peace Alliance* (P.O. Box 1101, Knoxville, TN. 37901), hopes to "*EXPLODE THE MYTH...*" of nuclear waste, radiation and the extreme hazards of a nuclear plant. This peaceful demonstration needs the support of the public to eliminate nuclear hazards.

continued on previous page

Love and Rockets

by Jim Haynes

staff writer

Since Peter Murphy left Bauhaus in 1984, guitarist Daniel Ash, bassist David J., and Kevin Haskins on drums have been experimenting in dark psychodelia melancholy, or as Daniel Ash calls it, "schizophrenia," to get away from "the dialectics of sex and death" of Bauhaus in *Love and Rockets*. Their latest album, brilliantly titled *Love and Rockets*, returns with destructive shreds of distortion and maintains their beautiful lyricism.

After the pounding distorted guitars and bass rip through "***** (Jungle Law)" and "No Big Deal," a simple, rather quaint song, "The Purest Blue" soothes and comforts in such a sublime manner that the song is almost musically lost between dissonance. "Motorcycle" is the culmination of the distortion. Ash's sonic guitar riffs sound more like a chainsaw than any produced music and are terminated in a fatal collision of rage and melancholy. The dreamy "I Feel Speed" is calmed by a soothing bass and quiet guitars.

David J. preaches behind

musical imagery of a hell bound train of Haskin's driving beat and Ash's almost traditional use of electric guitar in "Bound for Hell":

Became a fear for his splitting yell.

"Save it, damned souls, next stop Hell!"

Then the passengers shrieked with pain

For the devil to stop this hell bound train."

The distortion is completely lost to a bass oriented calmness of David J. in "So Alive" and "No Words No More", which end the album on a calm and quiet tone.

Love and Rockets has made a complete turn-around from their pastoral *Earth, Sun, and Moon*, to a gritty, noisy sound. In their upcoming North American tour, their alterego the Bubblemen might make a surprise visit since of course "they are aliens from the planet Gull and maybe we can persuade one of them to drop in..." Right, Daniel. The Bubblemen will also appear on the *Love and Rockets* home video, which will come out this summer.

by Steve Anderson

staff reporter

Ah! It's another stereotypical "the evil Russians want to take over another country just for the hell of it, so let's go kick their butts" novel; my kind of book! The book that I'm talking about is *Silver Tower*, a new novel by Dale Brown who also wrote the best-selling *Flight of the Old Dog*.

The novel takes place in 1992, (a little too early if you ask me- which I guess you are since you are reading this article) when the Ayatollah has been overthrown by a moderate, Western-educated muslim named Alientar who seeks to align himself with the good ol' United States of America in order to stabilize the turmoil in his country and return it to pre-revolutionary prosperity. This alignment would also mean docking rights for American vessels, access to petroleum deposits, and access to Iranian military bases. The paranoid Russians- who I must say are very sore losers when it comes to things like this- launch "Operation Feather", an invasion of Iran by sea, air, and land, of which the ultimate goal is the consolidation of the Persian Gulf region under complete politi-

cal and military control of the United Soviet Socialist Republic. Ignoring all means of settling the matter, political or otherwise, they are consumed by passion. But wait! The Americans have a military space station on which are mounted two powerful Space-Based Radar (SBR's) that can track and identify objects on land, sea, and air (basically anywhere), from ranges in excess of 1600 kilometers, and which can guide American forces in the Persian Gulf region. The space station, which is nicknamed *Silver Tower* because of its anti-laser coating, also has two major weapon systems: the Thor space-based interceptor missile, and the experimental Skybolt nuclear-powered laser- if that doesn't catch my more liberal readers' attentions, I don't know what will! In any case, a couple of sadistic Russian pilots go after the space station in their *Elektron* space fighters- no the Russian's can't spell it either- in order to rip the station apart. They kill everybody on the station except the commander, General Jason Saint-Michale, and the scientist who invented Skybolt, Dr. Ann Page, in a massacre that would make Freddy proud. They almost destroy the station totally.

However, the undaunted Americans manage to get the station at least partially functional. Well, I won't tell you what happens when the Russians try to attack *Silver Tower* a second time, and I won't tell you what becomes of "Operation Feather." I will tell you, though- if you haven't guessed it already- that the Russians eventually get their behinds barbecued and their keisters kicked all the way back to Red Square.

In conclusion, *Silver Tower* is a very entertaining book despite being a bit unrealistic. I would thoroughly recommend this riveting, action-packed book to everyone, especially those people interested in space, war, military hardware, international affairs (of the political sort), or the cutting edge of high technology. My only major complaint is the time in which the book is set. The year 1992 seems a little optimistic for the technology and equipment featured in the book. I feel that a date of around 2000 would have been more appropriate.

Brown, Dale. *Silver Tower*. Berkley Books.

New York. 1988. 384 pages. \$4.95.

SPORTS

The Postman Likes It: A Tale of Victory for Bill (and the Team)

by Mad Dog

the original, the legend As the 1988-89 MBA Varsity Tennis Team emerged from the Valley of Dual Matches en route to the TSSAA State Tennis Tournament, a strange figure stood in the distance in the sunlight - a figure so strong, so flexed out, so ultradynamic that the team bowed in fear. As this god-like figure approached them, both coach James Poston and number one player Bill "Buster" Cherry cried like babies, fearing that the end had come. However, little did the entire team know that this man was an ally - an ally that would offer not only support but also protection from any danger that lurked ahead. This man was none other than the legendary Arthur "Bad Dog" Henderson, who was merely returning from single-handedly conquering the Lone Star State of Texas. As the team waited for death, the powerful and stunning voice of Bad Dog relieved them of their fear by assuring them of safety. Immediately, Bad Dog ordered that the team gear up and follow him to the TSSAA Team Semi-Final Championships at Centennial Tennis Center in the heart of the prosperous and flourishing city of Nashville.

To their dismay, the Team's semi-finals opponents were none other than the Baylor Red Raiders. Here's how MBA and Baylor were matched for this glorious battle: No. 1 singles, Bill "Buster" Cherry vs. Chuck "Surf Dog" Coleman; No. 2, Andy "Silent but Violent" Underwood vs. Roberto Valente; No. 3, Leighton "Toxic Avenger" Thomas vs. Ben Cook; No. 4, Morgan "I'm a Freshman" Parker vs. Cline Sack; No. 5, David "Mophead" Mason vs. Frank Overton.

As the team attempted to conquer Baylor, the Red Raiders proved to be much too powerful for the Big Red to handle. As he watched his former teammates get sliced and diced, Bad Dog refused to leave his disciples in their time of need. As the Team pulled every trick in the book to win the match, nothing

could be done. It was a complete and utter wipeout - a massacre in every sense of the word. The only match worth mentioning was the Mason-Overton duel in which Mason won by default - the only win for MBA.

Heart-stricken, depressed, and suicidal, the MBA Team looked for inspiration. Fortunately, the Team did not have to look far for Bad Dog was back on the scene with smooth inspirational lyrics. As the team listened to Bad Dog's words of wisdom, their hearts began to rise and they began to feel pumped for the State Individual Tournament. After Bad Dog's heart-warming speech, a gleam appeared in "Buster" Cherry's eyes - a gleam that Bad Dog knew would allow Bill to win a third TSSAA State Individual Title.

The following day, the MBA Team returned to Centennial, representing the Big Red in singles was "Buster" Cherry and "Silent but Violent" Underwood. In his first two matches, Cherry fought off two formidable players: Baylor's Roberto Valente and White Station's Alex Kaplan. "Buster" proved that he had the power and the force to take whom ever and whatever stood in his way and mangle them into nondescript masses. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said about "Silent but Violent" Underwood, who "bit the bullet" hard against Bobby Marienchech, a strong player from Christian Brothers. In singles, Cherry was the lone survivor carrying the MBA Flag.

In doubles, the MBA Teams ran into some trouble while Bad Dog left the Centennial Tennis Center to grab some grub. When he returned, Bad Dog was informed that the MBA double team of Leighton "Toxic Avenger" Thomas and "Bill" Sharpe "Sharpster" Belote had been defaulted from their doubles match against Baylor's Ben Cook and Justin Harwood by an estranged referee, who later mysteriously suffered two broken legs and other minor lacerations. The other MBA

doubles team of Frank "Super Gnat" Drowota and Morgan Parker were able to score a victorious win over Clarksville's Brandon Busby and John Holt by a score of 6-4, 6-1. However, in the next round, they were brought to their knees in a gruelingly close match against Tony Ivins and Russell Schaumburg by a score of 7-5, 7-6.

As the sun set on the great city of Nashville, only on MBA player remained after the first day of competition: Bill Cherry. People throughout the state and the nation not only anxiously awaited the competition that was soon to ensue but also wondered what was going through the mind of both Bad Dog and "Buster." There was only speculation.

On the following day, "Buster" was matched with a unique and internationally famous junior player by the name of Van VanLingen, a close and personal friend of Bad Dog. Word on the street was that VanLingen might be able to take "Buster" down. Time would tell.

In the first set, VanLingen and Cherry exchanged punches relentlessly. Amazingly, Cherry reached into his bag of tricks and was able to pull out the set and the match by the score of 7-5, 6-3.

"Buster" had once again reached the finals of the State Individual Tournament for the forth straight year. Whether he would emerge victorious was anyone's guess. His final opponent was the legendary early Chuck "Surf Dog" Coleman - the same "Surf Dog" that Cherry had lost to two days earlier in the Team Semi-Finals. Everybody and his brother with the exception of Bad Dog believed that Cherry was going to go down for the count.

At 11:30 a.m., "Buster" and "Surf Dog" - two demi-god-like warriors - strode into the stadium with the intention to conquer the other in a sure-to-be battle. While Cherry and Coleman warmed up, a vast crowd filled the stands. Out of nowhere, both VanLingen and

Bad Dog emerged and sat perched at the top of the stadium, waiting for the impending "Clash of the Titans" of Tennessee High School tennis. Finally, the moment of truth arrived and the two gladiators were ready for battle. Immediately, everyone turned and looked at Bad Dog and VanLingen. Realizing that it was time to allow the match to start, Bad Dog stood and shouted "Let the Games Begin!"

In the first set, "Buster" ran through "Surf Dog" like a hot knife through warm butter; he gave and took no quarter. Cherry finished the first set and allowed Coleman only one insignificant game. Cherry looked stronger with every shot and was in complete control of the match. However, something was wrong. Every time Coleman missed a shot, the crowd discourteously and immaturely clapped and mocked him. Unpleased, Bad Dog and VanLingen, believing in true sportsmanship, decided to clap, not only for "Buster," but also for Surf Dog. In fact, Henderson and VanLingen were the only ones in the entire stadium to offer support to the "Surf Dog" and try to keep the match equal.

Nevertheless, Bad Dog was completely behind Cherry. At any rate, Coleman, receiving the encouragement which Bad Dog had to offer, was able to climb back on his surfboard and tear up "Buster's" wave of power, allowing Bill only two games in the set.

In the third and final set, Cherry and "Surf Dog" battled neck and neck, each trading punches with each other. As the ruthless MBA crowd continued to deride Coleman and to clap when "Surf Dog" made an error, Bad Dog was forced to pull for both Cherry and Coleman. The tension mounted as Cherry and Surf Dog approached the end of the match. Finally, both warriors reached 6-6 (a.k.a. tie-breaker time).

In the tie-breaker, Cherry broke out strong by winning the first four points. Coleman returned fire by

winning the next three points, making the score 4-3 in the favor of "Buster." Immediately, Cherry reached into his bag of tricks and won the next two points. As the "Surf Dog" scrambled to save the match by climbing back onto his board, nothing could be done because "Buster's" tidal wave of consistency and controlled power wiped Coleman out. Coleman had lost the clash by a score of 6-1, 2-6, 7-6 (7-4).

Pleased, Bad Dog and VanLingen left the stadium to enter the tennis center. Relaxing and waiting for the champ, Bad Dog was confronted by a former fellow MBA student, obviously still immature, impetuous, and ignorant; moreover, this anonymous student barked childish threats for Bad Dog's support for Coleman. "Bad Dog" Henderson, feeling sympathy for this mere mortal, decided that it was hopeless to try to instruct this paltry mind in the fundamentals of gentlemanly behavior. Bad Dog merely turned his cheek.

At any rate, Bill grabbed his trophy with one hand and curled his other arm around his radiant babe, Laura Gaw, and rode off into the sunset, living happily ever after.

On a more serious note, I would like to extend my humble congratulations to Bill Cherry for a fantastic victory as well as a commendable four years on the Hill. You have truly shown your dedication and ability in your quest for excellence in both academics and athletics. You have been an inspiration to me and also to the entire school. I wish you the best of luck as you continue your tennis and educational career at the University of Virginia. Once again, congratulations.

The Sports Editor would like to extend his own congratulations to Bill for his win and career. Also, an apology for any hastily printed words is extended to Bill. Any and all successful actions of Bill are fully earned.

SPORTS

Varsity Track Has Successful Season

by George Rietz

reporter

Despite formidable competition from Hillwood, Hunter's Lane, and other local track powers, MBA's varsity track team has competed fiercely and placed consistently in major meets. In scoring, the talented and versatile Alex Waddey led the team in the jumping and hurdling events, while senior James Gooch placed well in the pole vault and 800 meters. Junior Alden Smith and sophomore Casey Jones were third and fourth respectively in points scored.

As a whole, this year's team was very well-rounded, with dedicated and skilled athletes in every event. Alex Waddey and Harrison Shull had the high jump under control with their six-foot leaps. In the long jump, Brian Norment and Tate McDaniel joined Waddey in the destruction of many hapless rivals. Renard Francois led the shot put with Adin Lara and Matt Poe in hot pursuit, while Rabin Nimmo and Adin Lara threw the discus. James Gooch pole vaulted an otherworldly 12 feet, with Robert Echols a mere six inches behind.

The Big Red also had considerable depth in the running events, with sprinters Andy "Action" Patterson, Cabot Hyde, and Worcester Bryan as 100 metres specialists.

Alden Smith and Jason West ran fast and furious 400's, with Smith placing especially well in major meets. Seniors Jay Binkley and James Gooch also performed consistently in the 800 and 4x800. Milers Lanson Hyde and Casey Jones commanded respect, while Keith Ikard ran awe-inspiring 3200's.

The team won several dual meets, notably a 106-29 crushing of Glenclyff, before proceeding to the intense competition of major meets. The first of these was the Midsouth Classic in Chattanooga, where the pole vault and jumping events were canceled because of rain. The rain didn't faze Renard Francois, who placed 5th in the shot put. Alden Smith placed second in the 200, then brought the MBA crowd to its feet with his winning 400. James Gooch placed 6th in the open 800 and helped the 4x800 relay to a fifth place finish. Alex Waddey hurdled to 4th place in the 110, and the 400 relay team finished 5th. Overall, MBA finished 7th behind such dominant teams as Baylor and Brentwood Academy.

The team's most major meet was the Nashville Relays, held at MBA. Because this meet has no individual events, it stresses the teamwork and depth of talent in each team. Despite the dreary weather, MBA relay teams

came together to win the high jump, shot put, and pole vault relays, and take second in six other events. The highlight of the meet was the 4x100 "fat man" relay for athletes weighing over 188 pounds. Rabin Nimmo was clocked at a shocking 10.77 seconds as he led teammates Brooks Smith, Sheldon "Bull" Griffin, and Bo Healy to a second place finish. MBA won the meet, and many MBA athletes received the t-shirts awarded for placing in an event.

The following Saturday, the team competed in the Optimist Relays at Overton. Under the blazing sun and near ninety-degree heat, Keith Ikard surprised ecstatic fans by winning the 3200 in 9:50. Casey Jones and Lanson Hyde placed fifth and sixth in the mile. Alden Smith placed fifth in the 400, and freshman Shad Weaver ran with Waddey in the 300 hurdles, where the duo placed 4th and 6th. In the 800, James Gooch placed fifth.

In the field events, Harrison Shull leaped 6 feet in the high jump, placing 3rd and tying his lifetime best. Renard Francois placed third in the shot put, as James Gooch, Robert Echols and Worcester Bryan swept second, third, and fourth in the pole vault, helping MBA to a 4th place finish.

Qualifiers for the Banner Relays journeyed to McGavock the following Friday to compete in one of the season's most competitive meets. Under the lights, sophomores Casey Jones and Keith Ikard cruised faster than ever as Jones ran a 4:28 mile and Ikard a 9:49 3200. Both finished third. Alden Smith ran an impressive 50.3 400 to finish 4th. MBA's mile and two mile relays also finished third and fifth, respectively. In the field events, Robert Echols soared twelve feet to finish second in the pole vault, as Renard Francois claimed 5th in the shot with a throw of 46'2". MBA finished 5th overall behind Hillwood, Hunter's Lane, Overton, and Brentwood Academy.

One week later, MBA's qualifiers returned to McGavock for the Region III finals. The field events were contested on Wednesday, and Renard Francois placed 5th in the shot, with Bo Bartholomew and Rabin Nimmo placing 5th and 6th in the discus. Alex Waddey also netted 6th in the high jump with yet another six foot leap. Robert Echols and James Gooch vaulted well, placing 5th and 6th.

The action resumed at sunset on Friday night with the running event finals. For most, this would be the last

race of the season, and a crowd of students and parents had showed up to watch. After an agonizing 30 minutes delay, the meet began, and Alex Waddey hurdled to 6th place in the 110 high. Alden Smith ran another quick 400, placing third in 50.4 seconds. The 3200 relay team placed 6th, aided by the heroic efforts of seniors James Gooch and Jay Binkley. Casey Jones and Lanson Hyde ran well in the mile, with Jones nearly qualifying for the state meet. Their efforts yielded 3rd and 5th place spots. In the 3200, Keith Ikard ran a 9:41.6, placing 2nd and joining the elite ranks of state qualifiers. MBA placed fifth in the Region.

As MBA's only state qualifier, Ikard ran the 3200 on his home track. Friends and teammates watched from the stands as he opened with a blistering 4:36 first mile, and finished as the seventh-fastest two miler in Tennessee.

The members of this year's team performed with spirit and distinguished themselves both as a team and as individuals. Next year's team will retain many current athletes and should benefit further from such fresh talents as Shad Weaver, Eric Crawford, and Justin Crosslin. With the help of coaches Owen, Comp-ton, and Pruitt, this new talent could mean more victories for the Big Red.

Re-LAXing On The Hill with a New Sport

by Charlie Bryan and Jeffrey Buntin

reporters

Webster's Dictionary defines lacrosse as "a game of ball, originated in the North American Indians, in which two teams of ten men each, using long-handled webbed rackets, try to advance the ball across the field into the opponents goal." This sport is the newest addition to MBA athletics thanks to the ingenuity of several sophomores and the cooperation of the school.

Many students have wanted to have a lacrosse team for some time now, and the idea became a reality when Richard Fitzgerald, who was influenced by frequent requests from students, confronted Mr. Drake about

the matter. Mr. Drake okayed the idea.

"At first," says Richard, "we wanted to be able to play in the park because of the athletics during eighth period, but since this time wasn't available, our only option was to use the soccer field after school."

Even though the participants do not have enough people yet to divide into teams and play, the interest shown has been immense. Richard says that Father Ryan is also interested in forming a lacrosse team. There is a good possibility of braving an inter-squad league since people outside the school have shown interest in the sport. A man who played high school and college lacrosse came to

MBA once and expressed interest in coaching a lacrosse team in the near future.

Also, there is the option of having an instructor from Vanderbilt come give the group a few lessons. There is a good chance of having a lacrosse team soon, and, with the enthusiasm shown, surely the Big Red can be competitive in yet another sport.

10th Annual Bell Ringer Bike Race



And the winner is...



The Fruit of the Loom Guys

Casey Jones, Keith Ikard, Luke Davis, and Mark Bittles

COLLEGE DESTINATIONS

Where The Class of 1989 Will Go This Fall

| | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|--|
| <u>Jim Abernathy</u> University of Alabama | <u>Warren Downs</u> Loma Linda | <u>Rhodes Hall</u> Richmond | <u>Steve Mathews</u> Rhodes | <u>Harrison Shull</u> Washington & Lee |
| <u>Rick Barksdale</u> Washington and Lee | <u>Frank Drowota</u> University of Virginia | <u>Wilson Hardcastle</u> Davidon College | <u>Doug Miles</u> Georgia Tech | <u>Brooks Smith</u> Sewanee |
| <u>Lawrence Berman</u> University of Pennsylvania | <u>Peter Dudley</u> Furman | <u>Jonathan Harwell</u> Richmond | <u>John Moore</u> Sewanee | <u>Thayer Smith</u> Univ. of North Carolina |
| <u>Jay Binkley</u> University of Pennsylvania | <u>Rally Dupps</u> Tulane University | <u>John Hays</u> Kenyon | <u>Jon Nameth</u> University of Georgia | <u>John Smithwick</u> Richmond |
| <u>Brad Bishop</u> University of Alabama | <u>Kelsey Fitzpatrick</u> University of Georgia | <u>Bo Healy</u> University of Mississippi | <u>Rabin Nimmo</u> Richmond | <u>Marion Southall</u> Trinity University |
| <u>Worcester Bryan</u> Richmond | <u>Billy Frist</u> Princeton University | <u>Lanson Hyde</u> University of Colorado | <u>Michael O'Hare</u> Sewanee | <u>Brian Stephenson</u> Washington U.-St. L. |
| <u>Matt Bumstead</u> Davidson College | <u>Chet Frist</u> Wake Forest University | <u>Whit Jeffords</u> University of Florida | <u>Mike Page</u> Centre | <u>David Strayhorn</u> Princeton University |
| <u>Jason Burroughs</u> Duke University | <u>Scott Galloway</u> Southern Methodist U. | <u>Jeff Joe</u> Emory University | <u>Andy Patterson</u> West Point | <u>Brandon Tate</u> Mercer |
| <u>Hampton Carney</u> University of Tennessee | <u>Richie Gann</u> Hampden Sydney | <u>Willie Johnson</u> Bowdoin | <u>Chip Perry</u> Rhodes | <u>Jimmy Thompson</u> Birmingham Southern |
| <u>Bill Cherry</u> University of Virginia | <u>Prescott Glynn</u> Tennessee Tech | <u>Jay Joyner</u> Baylor University | <u>John Henry Rice</u> Wesleyan | <u>Mark Thraikill</u> Georgia Tech |
| <u>Chris Cigarrran</u> Bucknell | <u>James Gooch</u> Southern Methodist U. | <u>Jay Kahlon</u> Georgia Tech | <u>Drew Robison</u> Vanderbilt University | <u>Albert Tirao</u> U. of Cal. at San Diego |
| <u>Lee Clark</u> Millsaps | <u>Brad Griffin</u> Davidson College | <u>Tom Lance</u> Univ. of Miami of Ohio | <u>Jeremy Russell</u> University of Tennessee | <u>Charles Treadway</u> Southern Methodist U. |
| <u>Forrest Connor</u> Rhodes | <u>Sheldon Griffin</u> Birmingham Southern | <u>Mark LaYinge</u> Notre Dame | <u>Vincent Sator</u> Wake Forest University | <u>Andy Underwood</u> University of Virginia |
| <u>George Crawford</u> Centre | <u>John Gupton</u> University of Virginia | <u>Scott Lewis</u> University of Georgia | <u>Mike Seshul</u> Samford | <u>Jason West</u> Rice University |
| <u>Greg Downer</u> Southern Methodist U. | <u>Chris Hall</u> Kenyon | <u>David Lockyear</u> University of Kentucky | <u>Chris Shea</u> Denison | <u>Joan-Hu Yu</u> Carleton College |



*Thanks for a great year....and good
luck to the 1989-90 editors!
(You'll need it.)*

-Jason and Marion

Montgomery Bell Academy
4001 Harding Road
Nashville, TN 37205